



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.
A DEAL OF MONEY FOR A LITTLE MANURE.

The Rural New Yorker states that "eleven million dollars are expended in the United States, for one variety of imported manure in a single season!" This manure is guano. The most of this is expended in the middle and southern states. But a small portion of it is used in the northern and Western States. It has been found useful in the worn out fields of the southern section of the United States, as a dressing of it will in most instances there produce a pretty fair crop when nothing at all would have grown had nothing been applied. It is certainly a liberal expenditure. But a serious question arises—how long can such a state of things continue? The guano thus used does not seem to conduce to a permanent fertility, it is but for a short time. This therefore does not seem to be good husbandry, for good husbandry will aim at and ultimately effect the permanent fertility of exhausted fields. Again, it cannot last forever, for the guano islands will in time become exhausted. It may not take place in this generation. This expenditure therefore must be looked upon only as a tax for momentary relief, rather than as a means leading to a thorough cure of the evil, and yet it might aid essentially to a new system of operations, and give a spring, a first impulse as it were, to the efforts of permanent fertility, if those who use it would be wise and properly preserve the grain of fertility, however small it may be, and use the strength thus gained for the collection of still more.

The Editor of the Rural reads a lecture on this subject to those who neglect this all important branch of good farming, and we find such all over the continent. They are not confined to the class of guano buyers. "Not one farmer in ten," says he, "collects the manure that he might, and not one in fifty gives to this product the care and attention he should. Agriculturalists toil with all the energy possessed by them—work is made the equivalent of a profitable crop, and the only means by which such labor can be made to pay, saving every thing that will enrich and invigorate the soil, is overlooked almost altogether," and he asks this important question: "If an improper and wasteful system of agriculture imposes an annual tax of eleven million dollars for the supply of food to impoverished land in only a portion of the Union, to what immensity will this sum grow when the entire country needs supplies commensurate with its extent of surface?" Let the farmer ponder upon this question and resolve, and by practice prove the sincerity of his resolves, that, as far as his labor will go, this necessity shall not come. That the spot of land on which he operates shall not become poorer, but that by care in collecting fertilizers, by skill and knowledge in applying them, his farm shall be more and more productive as long as he shall till it.

AGRICULTURAL PUBLICATIONS.
The Horse's Foot. Every man who purchases a horse always examines the feet, and is very particular to see that they are good and sound. Every one, however, who owns a horse does not know how to keep his horse's feet sound, and a horse without sound feet is of little value. We have been perusing a little work, published not long since in England, and just republished in New York by C. M. Saxton & Co., entitled "The Horse's Foot, and how to keep it sound," and find it to be practical and full of good information on the subject. It is written by William Miles, Esq., and is illustrated with several engravings which render the work more plain and instructive. Those who keep horses may often times make a great saving by an application of the knowledge furnished in this little work. Every blacksmith should purchase a copy and become familiar with its contents. Fifty cents sent to C. M. Saxton & Co., 140 Fulton st., N. Y., will bring it to you postage paid.

MYSTERIES OF BEE-KEEPING EXPLAINED. Many people keep bees, or rather many people obtain honey of bees and they keep themselves, and that is about all that the owner can say about it. If they have good luck their bees do well. If they have bad luck their bees do ill. C. M. Saxton & Co., two years ago, published a work written by Mr. Quimby of Cossack, N. Y., wherein you will find a fund of practical information in regard to the management of bees. It is entitled "The Mystery of Bee-keeping Explained." The author demonstrates that the good or bad luck in keeping bees, depends more upon the knowledge, skill, and prompt attention of the bee keeper, than upon any fortuitous action of blind chances. Mr. Quimby states that he began bee-keeping in 1828, with little or no knowledge of the business, and that this work is the result of his observations, and studies, and researches ever since. As he has been eminently successful in the business, it is a proof that his method is a good one for others to pursue, and that the work named above is just such a one as bee-keepers should have. Sent postage free for \$1.00.

THE COTTON PLANTER. The "Soil of the South," heretofore published in Georgia, has been moved to Montgomery, Alabama, and united with the "Cotton Planter," a monthly, formerly published in that place. The January number came in due time, and we find it to be handsomely printed and well filled. It is under the editorial care of N. B. Cloud, M. D., who is Agricultural Editor, and Chas. A. Peabody, who is Horticultural Editor. Both departments are well taken care of. With Brother Peabody we have been editorially acquainted for several years. He is the great strawberry cultivator, and even originator, of the South. Peabody's Seedling Hantsbois Strawberry is one of the elephants on its indefatigable cultivator. We are glad to find that he is still side by side in the cause of horticulture in general, and strawberry culture in particular. May he live a thousand years, and always have strawberries and cream in abundance.

For the Maine Farmer. MACHINES FOR CUTTING ROOTS FOR STOCK.

Every farmer who feeds no more than 50 bushels of roots to his stock annually, will find it for his interest to use a root cutter.

I would not recommend one of those large rotary motion machines, at a cost of \$10 or \$12, and requiring a Sampson or steam-power to drive them, doing the work badly, and cutting the roots into chips and bits, rather than slices.

The first machine for cutting roots that we used, was got up and manufactured by Jacob Pope, of Manchester, Ken. Co., (the present manufacturer of those excellent hay and manure forks so generally used in this and other States.) This machine is simple in construction, costs from \$3 to \$4, and does the work in the best possible manner, cutting in uniform slices, one inch wide and five-eighths of an inch thick, and length to correspond with the size of the root when whole, with chips and small bits next to none.

One man, or strong boy, can operate with this machine, alone; but a small lad to put the roots into the hopper saves time. These two have often cut with our machine, by way of trial, a bushel of ruta bagas in a minute; though eight bushels in fifteen to twenty minutes is the usual rate of working.

It will readily be admitted that the size of the pieces when cut by this machine are in the best possible shape for horses, cattle or sheep to take into the mouth and masticate easily, without danger of choking, which is a very important consideration in the using of roots.

Friend Pope quit making these machines some fifteen years since, and I have never known or heard of their being made by any other person. As he is largely engaged in the manufacture of forks, which requires altogether different tools and machinery, I have no expectation that he will ever get any more root cutters from him. Therefore I will suggest, for the consideration of our friend Whitman, of Winthrop, or some other good manufacturer of agricultural implements, that he inquire, and if satisfied of the utility of the cutter I have recommended, set about making a few between this and another winter.

I shall be glad to communicate an improvement that I think may be made to increase the durability and lessen the power required to work them. Vassalboro', 1st mo. 31st. M. T. ABER.

For the Maine Farmer. BETHEL FARMER'S CLUB.

The fifth meeting of this Club was held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 28th, at the house of Mr. Josiah Brown, President.

Subject for discussion—Manures. Dr. True opened the discussion. He thought there was one classification of manures not sufficiently insisted on by writers on agriculture, nor observed by farmers themselves. The one class is adapted to the growth of the woody fibre, the other to the full development of the fruit. He would cite the members, as an illustration often witnessed, to a field of wheat. In numerous cases, a field may be heavily manured with vegetable and animal manures; the crop looks finely until the time of harvest, when the kernel looks pinched.

For most of our crops we need more vegetable mould, carbon, charcoal, humus, humic acid, &c., or whatever name we might apply. The deficiency is always recognised by the quick eye of the farmer. Nature, in her cultivation of trees, always has a thick coating of vegetable matter. He doubted whether unleached ashes or lime could economically be applied to our lands except in combination with such manures as were saturated with vegetable acids. Under other circumstances, they would certainly hasten the decomposition of all vegetable matter, and subsequently produce sterility. Leached ashes are most valuable on many soils; they contain one valuable ingredient, phosphate of lime—so valuable in developing the seed.

Dr. John Grover, who, for most of his life, has lived on one of the most fertile spots in the country, spoke of special manures, which seem to act as stimulants to force the growth of plants. We want vegetable matter returned. There is such a thing as stimulating too high. He had raised more than 100 bushels of oats to the acre. Encouraged by this, he tried to do better; manured more heavily, and the next year never received an oat. The straw could not sustain itself. On most of our soils wheat should be rolled. We manure for the straw, rather than for the seed.

Mr. J. A. Twitchell said, that in his boyhood it was a part of the farmer's winter work to burn wood for making potash. He noticed that where the piles were burned on the snow, so as not to burn the ground badly, great crops were obtained.

The President spoke of charcoal as a most valuable absorbent for liquid manures, but possessing no soluble properties in itself. G. Chapman, Esq., thought that charcoal was a most valuable manure in this climate. It absorbed the rays of the sun most powerfully, which was of great advantage in the early part of the season. Hence the value of dark vegetable mould. It also keeps the land in a loose condition. He thought that if our object was immediate benefit, we should make use of old and well composted manure; but for ultimate benefit, make use of the raw material. He felt as though he was growing old, and he wanted some immediate benefit. He said that his father had plowed his land, for many years, with an old horse, but somehow or other, he always contrived to raise four or five hundred bushels of oats, and two or three hundred bushels of corn every year. He had recently bought one of the great plows, and meant to try the deep plowing and manuring system a little longer. He thought best to use a portion of the manure in a crude state for plowing in, and for immediate benefit, a well rotted article.

Mr. A. J. Buzbank enquired whether it was profitable to employ muck in larger quantities on our intervals than sufficient to absorb the liquid manures. For himself, he doubt its value on such lands to any greater extent. It was replied, that intervals lands subject to frequent overflows were better supplied with vegetable matter than was apparent. The waters of our rivers are saturated with vegetable matter from every rivulet

and swamp, and thereby saturate the soil, which operates as a filter to receive and retain a large portion of vegetable matter in a soluble condition.

The meeting was one of much interest, although the subject under discussion was not by any means exhausted. After enjoying our host's hospitality, a committee was chosen to make arrangements for an antiquarian supper. Next subject for discussion—Fruits and Stock.

Bethel, Jan. 28, 1857. N. T. T.

Note. We have also on hand reports of the second, third and fourth meetings of this club, which we shall find room for soon. Ed.

For the Maine Farmer. THE HYBRID CHESSE ONCE MORE.

Dr. Holmes—As my remarks on your theory, that chess was hybrid, were not designed to elicit controversy, but information, it is quite possible that you may yet make a convert of me. I am not hard to proselyte where fact, philosophy, or common sense lead the way, but rather stubborn when all these are ignored. As my acquaintance with you would not justify me in ascribing even a wish to you of being desirous to make converts without facts, or common sense, I must award you the medal of being desirous only to circulate such information among the intelligent readers of the Farmer, as shall redound to the interests of agriculture, morality and general intelligence.

Hence, I feel free to press my subject, where "more light" is wanted, upon your store of knowledge, &c. You say that the idea you meant to convey was, "that a kernel of wheat might become so impregnated with chess sap as to produce chess, and only chess, at harvest, or vice versa." It appears to me that, in the position you take, you ignore the common law of hybridization, and substitute the exception. The great natural law of hybridizing is, that the product shall be a mongrel, partaking of the characteristics of both parents. Because a seeming pumpkin seed occasionally "comes up a genuine squash," it only proves an exception to the general law of nature, and it will require a quite a stretch of one's confidence to build a permanent theory upon such an hypothesis.

Hence, I would suggest whether you do not, in your argument, beg the question, by assuming the premises. You assume that there must have been "chess blood" in my wheat, when harvested, from the fact that it grew chess in my neighbor's field. So far, your logic is good. But you go farther. You assume that this "chess blood" got into the wheat by its being hybridized with the pollen of chess. How could this be, when there was not a head of chess growing upon the farm to cast its pollen? Had the wheat been taken from a field where chess was growing, there might have been some seeming plausibility in your theory, notwithstanding it is a very little off by the side of the common law of hybridization. I think that, if you could show that the wheat had become fertilized by the pollen of some of the grasses of the same genus, and that this fertilized wheat gave chess as the product, your superstructure would stand upon a more permanent foundation than it now does.

Again, you assume that if pure, genuine wheat becomes changed to genuine chess by growing in favorable soils, it upsets all the fixed characteristics of permanence in the distinct species of plants. But I would very respectfully suggest, whether the production of chess may not be an effort of the wheat, the circumstances being favorable, to return to its normal, or original state. I presume that the wheat we now cultivate is a quite different thing from what it was when first found in its wild state. You are well aware that it is the nature of all our domestic plants, under a bad system of cultivation to deteriorate, and vice versa. Hence, notwithstanding all genera may be fixed, I am not quite so positive that any particular species, derived from a certain genus, may be. However, I am willing to allow that the Doctor knows. We are wont to consider him the repository of all physiological and analytical science, as it regards both the animal and vegetable kingdoms. Therefore, I will press the enquiry a little farther.

Did you ever know chess to grow from any of the spring varieties of wheat? I presume not. Then, as it is a law of nature for all animal plants that reproduce themselves from seed when in a wild or uncultivated state, to cast their seed into the earth in the fall, does it not follow in the natural order of things, that, if we follow nature in planting, we place the seed under more favorable circumstances to revert back to its normal condition? So, on the other hand, the farther we withdraw any plant, by cultivation, from its natural order, the less likely will it become to revert back to its original products in the wild state. Hence, I have yet to see the first head of chess in the spring varieties of wheat.

In order to produce chess it must abide in the ground through one winter; or, in other words, conform to the laws of nature. I feel confident that I have somewhere seen a statement that a gentleman in England produced a very handsome grain, by cultivation and reproduction, from one of the natural grasses of the British Isles. If this is so, and I presume you know it, in my view of the subject, a solution of the whole problem.

Chess must be the same genus as wheat in order for the pollen of one to fructify the other. This being the case, it appears more reasonable to me to suppose that the production of chess is an effort of the wheat to return to its original state, or even one of its sporting habits, than that it had become impregnated with the pollen of chess where no chess ever grew.

Had I not already extended this article beyond what I intended, I think I could show, from the sporting habits of not only cereals but fruits and vegetables, that we could hardly affirm any one species to be unalterably fixed. I may see cause to do this at some future time, if it should be acceptable. A. M.

Winthrop, Feb. 2, 1857.

Note. Our friend A. M., is pretty ingenious in his arguments and although very complimentary toward us, seems desirous of putting us a little farther along than any tangible facts hitherto developed will warrant either of us in going. We advanced the hypothesis, (and merely as an hypothesis) that the reason why his wheat de-

veloped chess, although no chess could be seen among it when sown—and no chess was known to have ever grown on his farm where the chess was harvested, was the containing chess sap in some of the kernels, derived perhaps two or three years back when in contact with chess before he received the seed from abroad; and instanced the fact of sweet corn thus mixing with Tuscarora corn. The Tuscarora kernels ever and anon showed themselves for several years, though none but the shrivelled sweet corn was planted, after it had become impregnated with the Tuscarora sap. We perhaps have both of us gone as far as any facts can warrant us. It seems strange that although wheat growers have been troubled by chess for a long series of years, and theory on theory has been proposed to account for it, no definite, careful and exact experiments have as yet been instituted to ascertain by position evidence the laws of nature which govern this mixing, for there must be laws for doing it. It cannot be an effect without a cause, and that cause, whatever it is, must have a certain and fixed course of action.

As our friend suggests, we never have known spring wheat troubled with chess. We have supposed this to be because spring wheat is an annual, and winter wheat and chess are biennial, and the period of their blossoming and ripening of the pollen for the two last occur at the same time with the latter, and not with the former. In regard to the experiments now going on in Europe with a view of causing wheat to cry back, as cattle breeders say, to the original stock of grass from which it is supposed to have originally sprung, we have seen nothing very satisfactory as yet.

The experiments as far as tried seem to indicate that wheat was manufactured by the arts of long good culture from a species of grass belonging to the "Aegilops" genus. This is a different grass from the chess, which if we mistake not belongs to the "Bromus" genus.

We hope some of the botanists who have leisure, and who are well versed in vegetable physiology, will take hold of this subject in a practical way and by veritable and well conducted experiments unravel the mysteries that now hang over it. It would be both interesting and useful. Ed.

OFFICERS OF AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.

KENNEBEC. This Society held its annual meeting at Col. J. C. Craig's hotel, Readfield Corner, Jan. 25th, according to notice. Called to order by the President, Oaks Howard, Esq. The following is a list of officers chosen:—

President.—Oaks Howard, Winthrop.
Vice Presidents.—B. B. Dudley, Mt. Vernon; T. B. Reed, Wayne; John Berry, Vienna.
Cor. Secretary.—E. Holmes, Winthrop.
Sec. Secretary.—D. Cargill, East Winthrop.
Treasurer.—A. Gile, Readfield.
Trustees.—S. N. Watson, Fayette; H. N. Hunt, Readfield; D. H. Thing, Mt. Vernon.
Agent and Collector.—D. Craig, Readfield.
Member Board of Agriculture for 1858.—Francis Fuller, East Winthrop.

SO. KENNEBEC. The annual meeting of this Society was held in Gardiner, Feb. 4th. There was a full attendance. The officers for the ensuing year were chosen as follows:—

President.—D. Lancaster, Farmingdale.
Vice Presidents.—W. S. Grant, Farmingdale; S. Dinlow, Richmond; O. S. Edwards, West Gardiner.
Cor. Secretary.—F. Glazier, Jr., Hallowell.
Rec. Secretary.—J. M. Carpenter, Pittston.
Treasurer.—John Stone, Gardiner.

Trustees.—D. Lancaster, Farmingdale; J. A. Pettigill, Augusta; J. D. Warren, Pittston.

LINCOLN. The annual meeting of this Society was held at Lincoln's hotel, in Wadoboro', Jan. 25th. The following gentlemen were chosen officers for the year ensuing:—

President.—C. C. Atwell, Wadoboro'.
Vice Presidents.—Z. Collins, Union; R. Hall, Warren; A. W. Clark, Wadoboro'; T. Williams, Rockland; R. R. Perkins, Newcastle.

Rec. Secretary.—M. M. Rawson, Wadoboro'.
Trustees.—A. Libby, Union; J. Currier, Wadoboro'; J. Avery, Jefferson.

Treasurer.—Samuel Ford, Newcastle.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. We have a large number of communications in our drawer, which we shall publish as fast as we can make room for them. Among them are articles on "Management of Horses;" "Can farming be made profitable in Maine?" &c. We have also received a list of the premiums of the West Somerset Ag. Society, which will appear in our next.

FARM WORK. It is a matter of great importance to the farmer, that he should lay out the work of the season beforehand, and now is the time to do it. We need much more thorough system in our farming operations. Determine upon the fields you will cultivate, and what shall be allotted to oats, corn, rye, wheat, buckwheat, potatoes, and other root crops; what walls shall be reset, and what ditches shall be dug; and how much labor will be needed to accomplish the work. Leave nothing to be decided upon in haste. A great deal of time and mental labor will be saved, by making your plans deliberately at the beginning of the year. If there are doubtful matters, consult the best farmer in your neighborhood, and give his opinion due weight in your decision. A neighbor's experience will often save a useless expenditure of money and labor. When your plans are laid, carry them out, month by month, and week by week, until the year is completed. If you need capital for your legitimate business, hire it. You can as well afford to pay interest for this purpose as any other business man. Turn not aside to speculation in anything that you do not understand. Glory in the farm; and live by it.

[American Agriculturist.]

ENRICH THE SOIL. It should be the object of every tiller of the soil to leave his land in good condition after the removal of a crop, and, at the same time, obtain as remunerating returns as possible. This can be done only by husbanding all the sources of fertility upon the farm and adding thereto in every available manner. This is the Alpha and Omega of progressive agriculture.

Reported for the Maine Farmer. BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.

The only business of general interest that has been transacted is the following:

The committee to whom was referred the question No. 5, "To inquire whether it be advisable to recommend any legislative provision to enable the farmers of the State more easily and at low rates of interest, to obtain capital to invest in their business," have had the subject under consideration, and submit the following brief report:

That notwithstanding low rates of interest might in some instances be advantageous to those engaged in agricultural pursuits, and some individuals have thought that a free banking system, if incorporated by the State, would be beneficial to the community, and although this subject may be agitated by those who think favorable of it, still your committee are unanimous in the opinion that it is not expedient nor advisable; neither do we consider that it would be policy for this Board (there being many other things needed of more importance) to recommend any legislation on the subject at this session.

D. A. FAIRBANKS, Chairman.

The committee to whom was referred the subject of inquiring into the expediency of the Board recommending the time on which the several Agricultural Societies should hold their annual fairs, have had the same under consideration, and report:—That we find that many of our country shows have been held upon the same day, and that this was quite generally the case with those which were adjoining each other, or their location and easy access was such that, if they had been held at different times, many of the farmers of one society might have attended the fair of the other, and thereby have received the benefit of two or more of these exhibitions instead of one.

We deem it important that our county exhibitions should be so arranged that the fair of one will not conflict with those in the immediate vicinity, or those where there are the best facilities for visiting each other for the purpose of examining and comparing the different improvements made through the encouragement of the several societies. Our local societies seem to be aware of the advantage that might be derived from holding their fairs upon different days, for we understand that many of them are now endeavoring to make arrangements to avoid this evil, and the committee would recommend that the Board take no further action upon the subject than to recommend to the several societies that, wherever it is practicable, they avoid holding their exhibition in adjoining societies upon the same day.

ISAAC W. BRITTON, Chairman.

The committee appointed to inquire whether it would be expedient for this Board to recommend to the Legislature the appointment of a special committee, to inquire into the cause or causes which hinder the more rapid settlement of the State lands, and report to the next Legislature, do report, that this Board recommend to the Legislature to make the appointment as above specified.

HENRY LITTLE, Chairman.

The committee to whom was referred the inquiry whether it be advisable to recommend legislative action to encourage the underdraining of lands in this State, beg leave to report as follows:—That, while they are convinced, by observation and experience, that underdraining, judiciously practiced, (upon lands which suffer from a surplus of water on or beneath the surface, and so need to be relieved of the presence of an element, indispensable and invaluable in itself, yet noxious from position and excess,) would result in a higher degree of fertility and of profit, than can be obtained without it; yet they see no reason why legislative action should be invoked in favor of one mode of improvement more than of another, or indeed of any; they believe that such action would be more legitimately employed in diffusing light and knowledge throughout the community upon this and other feasible modes of improvement, trusting alone to the pecuniary interests and good sense of the farmers to adopt such improvements into their practice, when fully enlightened upon the subject and convinced of their utility.

S. L. GOODALE, Chairman.

The committee to whom was assigned the duty "to inquire whether any legislation is necessary to secure more complete and perfect agricultural statistics of the State," have attended to that duty, and report for your consideration:—

An Act additional to chapter— of the codified laws of the State, relative to the duties of the assessors of cities, towns and plantations.

Sec. 1. The assessors of each city, town and plantation in this State, are hereby required to collect and transmit to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, on or before the first day of June in each year, such statistical information as may be required by said Board, relative to the industrial pursuits of their several precincts, as they may be annually presented on the first day of April.

Sec. 2. If the assessors of any city, town or plantation shall willfully neglect to make the returns aforesaid, in the manner aforesaid, such assessors shall forfeit to the State a sum not exceeding one hundred dollars, to be recovered on complaint by the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture.

And also, An Act additional to chapter— of the codified laws of the State, relative to the duties of the Board of Agriculture:

Sec. 1. The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture shall cause to be printed blank tables conveniently arranged for the returns of such facts relative to the industrial pursuits of this State, as may be deemed necessary by said board, to present a clear and statistical view of the industry of the State, and shall furnish three copies of the same, together with a copy of the directions prescribed by the Board of Agriculture, to the assessors of each city, town and plantation, on or before the first day of April in each year.

Sec. 2. The Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, after he shall have received the returns aforesaid, from the assessors of the several cities, towns and plantations, shall cause to be prepared and printed, under his direction, a true abstract of the same, for the use of the Legislature, at the next session thereof.

CALVIN CHAMBERLAIN, Chairman.

The above reports were all adopted.

The Board recommended to the committee on claims action in favor of Robert Martin for services last year.

MAINE POMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

REPORT OF COMMITTEE.

The committee appointed to examine the samples of seedling apples exhibited, have attended to that duty, and beg leave to report:—

That they found six varieties of this class of fruit on exhibition, all of very good quality.—Three of these specimens were presented by Daniel Lancaster, Esq., of Farmingdale. One of these apples is of very superior quality, and worthy of general cultivation. It is of medium size, somewhat flattened at the stem, which is short and set in a shallow cavity. Calyx small, and set in a rather narrow and shallow basin. In color, it resembles the Golden Russet, though more inclined to green, and the russet on the sunny side underlain with a dark red, inclining to a purple hue. The flesh is white, fine grained, compact, with a very small core, mild acid, crisp and juicy, with a rich aroma. We name it the Lancaster Russet, and recommend a gratuity to Mr. Lancaster. One of the other apples is rather above medium size, oblong in form, stalk quite long and slender and set in a narrow cavity, calyx very small. In color it is red, sub-acid, and of very good flavor, but rather dry. The third is above medium size, roundish and somewhat flattened; stalk rather long and slender, set in a shallow cavity; calyx small, and set in a shallow basin; flesh white, sub-acid, juicy, and of medium quality.

W. H. Parlin, Esq., of Winthrop, presented one specimen of seedling apples, which he calls the "Phoenix." It is above medium size, roundish, and considerably flattened; stalk long, and quite slender, and set in a broad and deep cavity; calyx large and set in a broad, shallow basin. It is a green apple, flesh white, rather spongy, but juicy, sub-acid, and of very good flavor. It is worthy of consideration and more extended trial. We recommend a gratuity to Mr. Parlin.

The remaining specimens were presented by F. Glazier, Jr., of Hallowell. One of them is a very good apple, but too small to be profitable for general cultivation. The other is a sweet apple, somewhat above the medium size, of oblong form, yellowish color, with a slight blush on the sunny side; stalk rather long and stout, set in a narrow and deep cavity; calyx rather large and set in a very shallow basin; flesh white, compact and juicy, with a rich saccharine flavor. Early winter. We would recommend a gratuity to Mr. Glazier.

Your committee would recommend the more extended cultivation of seedling apples, in particular, for the purpose of obtaining new varieties suited to our own climate, soil and situation. But to secure any valuable practical results, it is requisite that the great laws of reproduction be rigidly regarded. If real and substantial progress in this direction be sought; not only must seeds be selected from the best varieties, but from the choicest specimens of each of these varieties. Like produces like, no less in the vegetable than in the animal kingdom. If we would produce choice trees and choice fruit, we must plant the seeds of specimens which exhibit the highest degree of vigor, and the most marked characteristics.

At the present time, it seems especially desirable to multiply late fall and winter varieties of apples, particularly late fall varieties; as we have few, if any, of this class of fruit that is, in every respect, just what we want. It is also desirable to multiply the varieties of winter apples that are red in color, because such apples are most sought after in foreign markets. Maine, we believe, is destined to become the great fruit growing State of this Union, for shipment abroad. The apples grown in this State have a compactness of flesh, and a richness of flavor, which render them peculiarly adapted to this purpose, and cause them to be much sought after.

Although the law which governs the production of new varieties of fruit is but imperfectly understood, enough is known to indicate the direction in which we are to look for improvement. If improvement is sought in winter fruit, select seeds from winter apples which have been the least exposed to hybridization from summer or fall varieties, and of the color you wish to produce. If you wish to produce a late fall variety, select seeds from fall apples well exposed to hybridization from the most desirable winter varieties.

In this way, it is believed, new and choice varieties of apples may be produced, which are better suited to our climate, soil and situation, than any we now have, valuable as many of these are.

Your committee feel that they cannot too strongly urge this matter on the attention of the cultivators of our soil, nor they be stimulated to too earnest endeavors in this direction; for, sure we are, it will ultimately in the accumulation of an amount of wealth, comfort, rational enjoyment and contentment, of which few have, at present, any conception, and widely in contrast with the present state of things.

When Maine is appropriated to the growth of fruit and food-producing animals,—her hillsides covered with orchards bearing the choicest fruits, her meadows loaded with luxuriant crops of grass, and her stables multiplied and filled with the choicest domestic animals, as the Creator designed, and made her soil to secure, then will her sons and her daughters cling to homes embowered in shrubbery, and surrounded with the beautiful; and when the biting frosts, the howling winds, the driving storms, and drifting mounds of winter come, they will delight to gather in the "vestment warm" to read and to think, and enjoy social life, with the fruit-basket loaded with blushing apples on the "chimney piece," instead of hieing to distant climes to feed on "hog and hominy," and be shaken out of their boots with fever and ague.

DARIUS FORBES, } Com.
CHARLES J. GILMAN, }

A DECIDED FACT. Nothing as quickly ruins government, whether in a family or a school, as frequent and excessive threats of absurd punishment.

SNOW.

Snow! snow! snow!
How heavily it falls!
And how many falling memories
You wintry cloud recalls!
Of the days when our childish wonder grew,
That from out a cloud of so dark a hue
Should fall a robe so pure;
For the priceless worth we little knew
Of the snows we endure.

Snow! snow! snow!
It falls through the living night,
Deeking the graves of those we love,
With a robe of stainless white:
And to me it whispers clear and low
That brief as those tiny stars of snow
My pilgrimages shall be
Till I join the waters dark, that flow
Away to the unknown sea.

Snow! snow! snow!
How heavily it falls!
Alikes on the dwellings of the poor,
And the rich man's lordly halls.
Rushing down from its aerial car
Where the fields and the trackless forests are
Its myriad folds are spread:
And it rests on the mountain tops afar
Like the pall of a world that's dead.

Snow! snow! snow!
Though it crowds the earth to-day,
Shall sink from the glorious summer sun,
To its cavern dark, away!
The flowers that withered beneath the blast,
Shall smile when the Frost King's breath has passed
In the gorgeousness of bloom;
And thus shall a spring time come at last,
For the winter of the tomb.

THE OLD WOOD FIRE. People who have seen an old fashioned wood fire, will recognize the truth of the description of "Peter Parley," as follows:—

"The fuel was supplied from the wood lot—sweet scented hickory, snapping chestnut, odoriferous oak, and 'roeking, fazing ash.' It was a goodly sight to see these stalwart products of the forest laid in large piles, all alive with sap, on the tall, gaunt androines. You might have thought you heard John Rogers and his family at the stake, by their plaintive sizzlings. The building of a fire was a real architectural achievement favored by the wide yawning fire-place, and was always begun at daybreak. There was first a backlog from fifteen to four-and-twenty inches in diameter, and five feet long, embedded in the ashes; then came a top log, then a forestick, then a middle stick, and then a heap of kindlings reaching from the bowels down to the bottom. A-top of all was a heap of smaller fragments, artfully adjusted, with space for the blaze.—Friction matches had not then been sent from the regions of brimstone, to enable any boy or beggar to carry a conflagration in his pocket."

EFFECTS OF DRAINING. All the rain that falls upon our fields must be carried away either by natural or artificial drainage, or, having thoroughly saturated the soil on which it falls, be left upon the surface to be carried up by evaporation. Now, every gallon of water thus carried off by evaporation, requires as much heat as would raise five and a half gallons from the freezing to the boiling point! Without going to extreme cases, the great effects of the heat thus lost upon vegetation cannot fail to be striking, and I have frequently found the soil of a field well drained, higher in temperature from 10° to 15° than that of another field which had not been drained, though in every other respect the soils were similar. I have observed the effects of this on the growing crops, and I have seen not only a much inferior crop on the undrained field, but that crop harvested fully three weeks after the other; and owing to this circumstance, and the settling in of unsettled weather, I have seen that crop deteriorated fully ten per cent. in value. [Journal of Royal Ag. Society.]

HOT WATER FOR HOUSE PLANTS. A correspondent of the Boston Cultivator, writing of the management of house plants, says:



THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1897.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

FLOWAGE CASES AND FLOWAGE LAWS.

Perhaps there is no one subject which caused so much and so expensive litigation as flowage. "A great many years ago," as the story books say, land was very plenty and mills very scarce. It was then a great object to have mills built, and nobody cared how much land was flooded by their dams, for there was more than the people then living could use. Law was therefore made at that time for the purpose of preventing such a thing, so that now the principle of them, if not the words, still continues on the statute books. But the progress of time has changed the complexion of things of this kind, nearly reversed them. Land is valuable and sometimes much more so, in many places, than mills. But the laws are still adapted to the old condition. If a man wishes to build a mill he has a right to do so, and throw water, if he may, all over your farm, and after he has spoiled it a jury will give you nominal damages; you cannot prevent his doing it—he will not even ask your leave, and all you can do is to get small annual damages after it is done. This is not right. The old law should be repealed, and the whole business placed on the basis of common law. Let a provision be made for the protection of dams and mills already in existence, and future mills placed on the common law principle.

As the laws are now undergoing revision, it seems to be the proper time to attend to this matter, and set the law right in regard to it. Several attempts have been heretofore made to effect this change, but the mill interest have been too strong hitherto. It may be so now, but it does not make it right. Why should any man have the power to take your land for the use of a mill, without your leave, and not for a road?

It is waste some of your land for a road, but not much more than for a mill. If it is right to have it, it will measure it out to him and prescribe what he shall pay for it, but if he wants some of your land for the use of his mill, he takes it without any body's leave, and you have your remedy in a long and expensive and perhaps ruinous lawsuit. We know of a case of this kind in an adjoining county, in which the costs rolled up to \$11,000 before it was finally settled. Those who feel interested in this question will find by consulting the Legislative documents that this question was brought before the Legislature. A short but good common sense report was made on it by Benj. B. Thomas, chairman of the committee to whom the business was referred, and the following bill reported. It did not become a law, but we hope it, or something like it, will, during this session.

AN ACT to repeal Chapter one hundred and twenty-six of the Revised Statutes.
Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled, as follows:
SECTION 1. Chapter one hundred and twenty-six of the Revised Statutes is hereby repealed, reserving in force so much thereof as may be necessary for the recovery, as therein provided, of damages incurred before this Act shall take effect and go into force.

SECTION 2. The Judges of the District Courts shall severally, in their respective Districts, have the power of a Court of Equity as to flowage, over all cases arising from dams now erected and maintained, including power to protect such dams from abatement and to prevent actions at law, and generally in relation to such dams as to flowage to make decrees to promote the ends of justice, and to use writs of injunction to prevent injuries, so as to grant an equitable and adequate relief to the parties.

SECTION 3. Said Judges are authorized to execute the powers given in the preceding section out of term time, provided the parties be heard or neglect to be heard after due notice. If required, the party complaining shall give a bond to the satisfaction of such Judge to pay all costs he may incur such party to pay, and the same as to much thereof as he may direct shall be taxed in the bill of costs in favor of the prevailing party. A record of all such proceedings shall be made by the clerk under the direction of the court in this county where the dam is situated.

SECTION 4. No length of time during which lands may have been flooded by dams erected for working water mills before this Act shall take effect, shall be evidence of a grant, or license to flow such lands, or make up any part of the twenty years limitation provided for in Chapter one hundred and forty-seven of the Revised Statutes.

THE WEATHER. A spell of warm weather set in on Saturday last, and although we did not have much rain, it being foggy and drizzly, the snow was rapidly melted and ran in streams through the streets. Sunday, on Monday we had a snow squall, with colder weather, clearing off fine. The traveling is very bad, on account of the slummy condition of the roads.

We see, by telegraphic dispatches from various parts of the country, that they have been having a heavy rain. The Connecticut river is swollen and rapidly rising. The Hudson, the Schuylkill, the Ohio, and other rivers, are also affected by the storm, which extended over a large part of the Union.

THE BUREAU OF MINES. In another column will be found an account of a most atrocious murder, in New York. The coroner's inquest is still in progress, but we do not see that evidence has been produced to fix the crime upon any of the occupants of the house, with any certainty, although many of the circumstances are suspicious. It is said that Dr. Ballard was married to Mrs. Cunningham, but was perjured by her husband, thought to be Ekel. A large amount of testimony has been taken. We shall probably be able to report the conclusion of the jury in our next. Our space is so taken up, that we are unable to give any of the evidence.

REPORTS OF STATE DEPARTMENTS. We are publishing summaries of the reports of the different departments of our State government, as far as our space will allow. In another column will be found abstracts of the reports of the Land Agent, and the Superintendent and Trustees of the Insane Hospital. In our next, we shall present a view of the Bank Commissioners' report.

ARREST FOR MURDER. A despatch from New York, of the 6th, states that the United States Consul at Mayaguez, P. R., sent in the barque Pacific, which arrived at New York on Thursday, two sailors, suspected of having murdered the captain of the brig Twilight, of Eastport, his wife, the second mate, and a sailor also belonging to the same brig.

GOVERNOR'S AIDS. The following gentlemen have received appointments as Aids-to-Camp, with the rank of Lieut. Colonel, to Gov. Hamilton, Commander-in-Chief of our State military forces.—M. F. Wentworth, Kittery; Charles A. Wing, Winthrop; Theophilus H. Cushing, Frankfort; and Benj. Freeman, Bath.

REPORT OF BOARD OF AGRICULTURE. We have received this document from the Secretary, Mr. Goodale. It is a valuable work for the farmer. We shall make some extracts from it, in our next.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1897.

CASE OF REV. I. S. KALLOCH.

Within a few weeks, grave charges have been brought against Rev. Isaac S. Kalloch, of Boston, to the effect that he had committed adultery, in Cambridge. In common with many of our contemporaries, we have chosen to remain silent, until the fact of the alleged crime was shown conclusively; but the matter has now assumed such an aspect that we have concluded to lay the facts before our readers.

About the last of December, Mr. Kalloch went to Cambridge to deliver a lecture, accompanied by a lady who had been stopping at his residence. Previous to delivering the lecture, he went to a hotel and called for a private room, in order, as he says, to review his discourse, and also returned to the room after the lecture. The landlord testifies that while there he committed the crime mentioned, which was witnessed both by himself and another person; and also that he called for and drank two glasses of whiskey.

Statements to the above effect were made in Boston papers. Mr. Kalloch, who was fulfilling an engagement in Philadelphia at the time of their appearance, returned to Boston, and at the succeeding Sabbath filled his pulpit as usual. A public investigation was had at Tremont Temple, and the meeting was largely attended. Mr. K. took it for a bronchial trouble. He solemnly denied the act imputed to him. The committee appointed to investigate the matter, reported, after visiting Cambridge and questioning the reputed witnesses of the affair, that, in their opinion, Mr. Kalloch was wholly innocent of any crime, and advised him to take no further notice of the charges, but apply himself with diligence to the work of the Christian ministry. This report was agreed to by most, if not all, of the company present. A committee of the society over which Mr. K. presides, have likewise declared their conviction of his innocence.

The charges were then again reiterated, and the affidavits of the witnesses published. It is now stated, by the papers of Thursday last, that the whole matter will be laid before the Grand Jury of Middlesex County, at their session in Cambridge, the present week, when, if an indictment be found against Mr. K., the whole facts of the case will come out to the trial.

Mr. Kalloch is not unknown to the people of this vicinity. His father was settled over the First Baptist society in California, some ten years since, and went from here to California, where he died. He is a young man, not far from 20 years of age, and has been settled over the Baptist society in Rockland, from which place he went to Boston, where he has been settled over the Tremont Temple society for a little more than a year.

For the credit of the clergy, no less than for the preservation of his own reputation, we hope Mr. Kalloch will be able to show himself innocent of the charges made against him.

GOOD BYE TO THE NINEPENNCES.

The bill for reducing the nominal value of the old Spanish coins has passed both branches of Congress and become a law. So the old four penny half-pennies, ninepences and quarters, which have circulated so long among us, will soon disappear. Good bye to them.

It is strange that a nation so proud of its institutions as the United States, and which has one of the most simple and best systems of currency, should have so long used the coin and mode of reckoning of a foreign government. In Spain, and the mode of reckoning in four pences, ninepences and shillings, is that of Great Britain.

We hope, with the disappearance of the coin, and the filling its place with our own, we shall begin to use our own system and have more of shillings and pence, but price our goods by cents, dimes and dollars. This is our duty to do, not only because it is the most natural and simple, but because it is our own national system, and we ought to be ashamed to adopt any other. The time may come when other nations will adopt the same system on account of its simplicity and the ease with which it is reckoned.

THE M. SANFORD DROWNING CASE. The Boston Transcript learns that the circumstances connected with the loss of the overboard of a passenger on the steamer Monson Sanford, soon after leaving her wharf in Boston, last fall, are to be judicially investigated here. The M. Sanford, it will be remembered, was at the time on the route between Boston and ports in Maine, and the captain did not, it is alleged, put about when informed that a man had fallen overboard. A coroner's jury in their verdict censured his conduct in the matter. The investigation is to be commenced at the request of the wife of the deceased.

RAILROAD DETENTION. The storm of the 31st ult., was mostly rain to the South of us, and the weather clearing off cold, the water which ran on the track of the Railroad froze up so that it was impossible for the cars to run until the rails had been cleared off by the pickaxe; consequently, we had no train from Portland, after the Saturday afternoon train, until Wednesday evening, since which time, they have made regular trips.

GRAND RAILROAD BALL. A grand ball will be held in this city, on Friday of this week, at Winthrop Hall, to celebrate the opening of the Somerset & Kennebec Railroad, when belles and beaux, from Bath to Skowhegan, are expected to meet.

"Chase the flying hours with glowing feet," and otherwise enjoy themselves. For particulars, see advertising columns.

IMPORTANT. As most important to a large class in these "hard times," we publish the following, from the Hartford, Ct., Free Press, and give the ingenious inventor the benefit of our circulation, gratis.—

To Sufferers. A decayed gentleman who has for many years been subject to attacks of creditors, is desirous of making known the means by which he was cured. Letters enclosing a postage stamp can be left under the door during the night.

METROPOLITAN INSTITUTE. The exhibition of the Metropolitan Institute will take place in Washington, D. C., on 24 of March next, and continue until March 30th. The Railroads in that section have agreed to carry artists to the exhibition free of charge. A good example for our Railroad companies to follow in like cases.

LEWISTON FALLS ACADEMY. The spring term of this institution will commence on the 3d of next month, under the instruction of Enos T. Luoe, A. B., with competent assistants. Those wishing to fit for College, or perfect their knowledge of the higher English branches, will find this a good opportunity.

AGRICULTURAL MEETINGS. The second of the agricultural meetings will be held at the State House, on Wednesday evening of this week.—Subject—Agricultural resources of Maine. These meetings are very interesting, and should be fully attended.

SAW FILING. In response to the challenge of Mr. Higgins, (in another place), Mr. John C. Schwartz, 108 Exchange Street, Portland, notifies us that he is ready to meet Mr. H., on the terms proposed. Now, then, Augusta vs. Portland, on saw filing. Who takes the palm?

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1897.

GATHERED NEWS FRAGMENTS, &c.

Proposed Amendments to the New York Divorce Law. A bill has been introduced into the New York Legislature which provides that divorces may be granted by the Supreme Court, when either party shall willfully desert the other for three years, and an inhuman treatment of the wife so as greatly to impair her health and endanger her life; when either party for five years prior to the action shall have been a confirmed idiot, or irreversibly insane.

The Dartmouth Prisoners. There are now living in Marblehead upwards of fifty of this veteran band, most of them in comfortable circumstances. Marblehead had 392 of her sons imprisoned within the walls of Dartmouth, which was considerably more than belonged to any other town or city in the Union. No other town contributed more to the honor of our arms in both wars.

New Counterfeits. Among the latest counterfeits are twenties on the Commercial Bank, Providence, R. I., altered from ones on the Commercial Bank, Perth Amboy; vignettes, marks and goats at a will. Fives on the Tiverton Bank, R. I.; threes and tens on Columbia Bank, Pa.; tens on Mechanics Bank, Williamsburg; tens on Kirkland Bank, N. Y.; tens on Indian Head Bank, N. H.; tens on Missouli Bank, Vt.; tens on Cambridge City Bank, Mass.; and tens on Lancaster Bank, N. H.

Banking Capital in New York. Governor King states that the whole amount of capital now employed in banking in New York State exceeds \$66,000,000. All the banks and bankers are said to be in a sound condition, and only one failure took place during the past year, that of an individual banker doing business under the name of the State Bank of Sackett's Harbor, with a capital of \$20,000, and all his notes are now redeemed at par. The increase of bank capital during the year has been over \$12,000.

Making glad the Widowed. The Secretary of the Navy has ordered all the ships made in the shipyard at the Navy Yard, to be given to the widows of Philadelphia, in consequence of the extreme severity of the winter.

Refuses an increase. Mayor Wood of New York has refused to accept of an increase of his salary from \$3000 to \$5000. He says that the present compensation is inadequate, but that he has steadily opposed an increase of salaries. He is not willing to make an exception in his own favor.

Caution to Housekeepers. A London magistrate recently fined a respectable woman £10, and in default of payment sent her to jail for three months, because she gave a good character to a dishonest domestic.

Women Voting. Kentucky is the most gallant and chivalric of States. There alone in this country, or the world, is the right of suffrage expressly conceded to women. By the Revised Statutes, any woman having a child, between the age of six and eighteen years, may vote for school trustee. The right was exercised a year ago by several widows in the Northern part of the State.

BOLD ROBBERY! About quarter past nine last evening Mr. Owen, keeper of a Confectionery shop in the city, was passing up State Street towards home, two men fell upon him, knocked him down, and robbed him of a small sum of money which he had in a bag. He had about \$100 about his person which they did not take. Two others were picked up for several hours he was knocked down. [Portland Advertiser, 3d.]

We learn that Mr. Owen, who was so murderously assaulted and robbed in State street on the morning of Monday last, still seriously suffers from the effects of the robbery. He is now in a hospital, and is unable to get about. The robbery was a most daring and successful one, and the thieves have not yet been traced. The police are doing their best to find them, but have not yet succeeded. The robbery was a most daring and successful one, and the thieves have not yet been traced. The police are doing their best to find them, but have not yet succeeded.

ANOTHER DREADFUL SUICIDE. Theophilus Lord Ashburn, Captain Edward Cleary, from Toulon, France, bound to St. John, N. B., in ballast, went ashore at North Head, Grand Menan, in the gale on Monday morning, 19th ult., and was killed. The vessel is broken up, and the wreck scattered along the island, for the distance of three or four miles. She had on board, at the time of her destruction, 19th ult., a crew of twenty men, only eight of whom were saved, and they were badly frozen, with the exception of one, a native, of Prince Edward Island, named John McInnis. All the others were lost. Several bodies were washed ashore for several hours, and recovered only to be a great sufferer for many days, if happily not for time. [Ibid, 6th.]

Knickerbocker Magazine. We have a fine steel engraving in the February number of this work—a portrait of Charles G. Leland, one of its best contributors, and author of "Meister Karl's Sketch Book," "Mace Sport," &c. We can only repeat our former recommendations of this monthly, and advise our readers that for fun, pathos and sentimentality, look in the Editor's Table, and you are suited at once.

United States Magazine. We have received the February number of this work through Charles A. Pierce, who has it for sale. It is very neatly got up, and filled with attractive reading. Major Jack Downing contributes "My Thirty Years Out of the Senate," and the portion in this number cannot fail to be interesting to Maine folks. His letters (and, indeed, the reading matter generally) are appropriately illustrated.

NOTICES OF SEVERAL NEW WORKS.—Among them Olmsted's "Journey through Texas," published by Dix & Edwards, New York, and for sale by Standwood & Sturgis,—are crowded out.

DISCONTINUED. The Clarion states that the Post Office at South Bloomsfield has been discontinued, and that all matter for that place should be directed to Bloomsfield.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE FILIBUSTERS. New York, Feb. 6. The filibuster examination was continued yesterday. Gen. Canine was examined. An unsuccessful effort was made to give evidence in a letter from Washington Correspondent, private secretary of Franklin Pierce, hearing the President's frank. The defense professed they could show by it that the President and other high U. S. officers, have an interest in the Mosquito grant, and have been connected with Consul Fabens, Gen. Canine, and others, in the colonization of Nicaragua. Gen. Canine testified that he had heard that President Pierce has a twelfth interest in the Mosquito grant. The General also said that the steamship company were to receive 100 acres of land for every passenger taken out.

Washington, Feb. 6. It is understood here that President Pierce and Sidney Webster have been subpoenaed in the filibuster case in New York, which, in case of an adverse decision to defendants, will be carried up to the Supreme Court. [New York Feb. 6. Washington Correspondent.]

THE WHITE HOUSE. When District Attorney McKoon telegraphed that Fabon's counsel had produced a letter franked by the President, and implicating that functionary in the Central American speculations of Gen. Walker's Director of Colonization. Instructions were at once sent from Attorney General Cushing's office to Mr. McKoon, by order of the President, directing his agent to the production in Court of all letters or documents implicating any functionary of government in the business.

FROZEN TO DEATH. On Friday evening, 23d ult., about eight o'clock, Capt. Spinnery, a resident of Illinois, but recently on a visit to his native State, started from Freedom village to walk to his homestead, about four miles distant, and was found Saturday morning within about two rods and a half of the door, upon his hands and knees, with his head in the snow, frozen to death. [Rockland (Me.) Democrat.]

OSTERS, OYSTERS. We learn from persons who have been in the oyster business in this city for many years, that the oyster trade is now in a very bad way. The oysters are scarce, and the price is high. The oyster trade is now in a very bad way. The oysters are scarce, and the price is high. The oyster trade is now in a very bad way. The oysters are scarce, and the price is high.

FROM NOVA SCOTIA. Halifax, Feb. 5. The Legislature of Nova Scotia opened to-day, with the usual ceremonies. The Governor's speech is unusually lengthy, embracing a number of important topics, and concludes with a statement that an opposition company, with adequate resources, will apply for a charter to lay a submarine telegraph from Ireland direct to Nova Scotia.

Hon. Mr. Johnston moved a vote of want of confidence in the government when the House adjourned till to-morrow.

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THURSDAY MORNING, FEBRUARY 12, 1897.

LEGISLATIVE COMPEND.

THURSDAY, Feb. 3. SENATE. The order in relation to Oakes of the Bank, in favor of the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, was adopted. The order in relation to the Maine State Prison, in favor of the Board of Prison Commissioners, was adopted. The order in relation to the Maine State Prison, in favor of the Board of Prison Commissioners, was adopted.

HOUSE. The order in relation to the Maine State Prison, in favor of the Board of Prison Commissioners, was adopted. The order in relation to the Maine State Prison, in favor of the Board of Prison Commissioners, was adopted. The order in relation to the Maine State Prison, in favor of the Board of Prison Commissioners, was adopted.

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The Muse.

From the New York Journal of Commerce.
A NEW YEAR'S OFFERING.
Song of the Sub-Marine Telegraph between America and Europe.
BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I shall stretch, I shall stretch to a world,
As electrical light from each star to each star—
Making luminous harmony, deathless to time,
In the great orb that people the Heavens afar—
O, how man will exult with the Flame-Spirit fire,
Over my frame by the deep ocean billows enshrouded,
While he feels only less than the God of those orbs,
As the thunder itself crashes down to his mind.

Aye, the Storm-Self may stamp on the halls of the sea,
And the Leviathan-cave for the vessel a grave,
And the King of the hurricane about as he lifts
To a far thirty-fringe fragments of the wave—
But I'll laugh as I hear all the battle above,
Still as calm as a lord of the wave in my air,
Where the least calm point of the sea is his floor,
Keeping time to my own like a deity's there.

What a triumph shall swell through my wonderful frame,
As I feel the thought of the thought of some soul
That is linked to a sun in its own quiet night,
Over nations like undisturbed silence an eye
Or to bend on the broad realm of silence an eye
That shall finally, but reverently, through my Deep
pierce,
Seeing God from the roots of Eternity's tree
Blossom out in the stars of his vast Universe.

What a wild, awful horror will glance through my nerve,
As the stories of Earth-quake battle-fields fly—
With the names of the conquerors basking in blood,
And the slaughtered who sleep, and the wounded who
die—
But a gladness as sweet as that Bethlehem hymn
Shall be mine when I feel through my soul boom that
That one best word of "Peace," and I utter, at last
God is planning His bow on Humanity's heart.

Would you know other joys that are destined for me?
Then but measure the many-hued souls of your Race,
Telling their hopes and their tears like a mystical tune,
Making discord or melody over all the years—
Now nothing is the weary-torn soul with its tears,
Now filling with laughter-life's rosiest bowers,
Now counting each slow-sweeping moment by clouds,
Now crowning its life with forestal with flowers.

I shall wait, I shall wait for the lover afar,
Who is severed by pitiless Fate from his own;
When my message shall come with some beautiful word
Telling yet that he lives for his pledged alone!
What a boundless bright Eden shall glow in a line,
But a single sweet line for her womanly soul!
And oh, as I speak it, what innocent joy
Shall irradiate over my glorious goal!

'Twill be mine, 'twill be mine for the exile to speak—
The poor exile by tyrannical ban from his home
For some high noble deed the Elect Ones of Earth
Would inscribe mid their names in Eternity's dome:
Yes, by me shall the poor, pallid wanderer tell
To some hearts far away in the land of his birth,
That he lives, still he lives, with the hope of return
To the spot that for him is the dearest on earth.

But you ask, "what the messages through Ocean flash,"
Will forever be bright, sublimed to me,
While the calm companion of Time I shall stretch
On the calm coral path of the deep rolling sea?
One's the message that tells of some sudden-to-day
Seeing triumph again on her banners unfurled—
And I know that blessed Freedom may yet thunder down
To the dust all the tyrannous thrones of the world!

And the other's the message that speaks of a land
That at last is a dawn on her brethren night,
And with music from Zion's own oracle learned,
Marches up to the heavenly mansions of light.
What a worship shall swell its hosannas around!
That till then in the eyes of long centuries lay?
With a meaning too vast to be ever unrolled!
Then I'll stretch, then I'll stretch from each elixir to
each elixir.

As electrical light from each star to each star—
Making luminous harmony, deathless to time,
In the great orb that people the Heavens afar—
While the hearts of the Continent, roused from despair,
Feel the mad roar of trumpets at battle shall cease,
And the Earth summer on through the Eden of air,
With her broad bosom filled with the roses of Peace!

The Story Teller.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

THE HEROIC WOMAN.

In the Autumn of 1846, circumstances called me to Dieppe, France. To tell the truth I was by no means sorry to visit this fashionable watering place. The change is a very agreeable one after a long sojourn in Paris. It was late in the evening of the 14th of August, that I arrived at the end of my journey, and proceeded at once to the Hotel des Bains, and a light supper, retired to rest.

I have always been an early riser, and the morning after my arrival at Dieppe, I was up a few minutes to four. I determined I would go and explore the town.

When I arrived in the street I was very much surprised to find it full of people, all going in one direction, and they hurried forward as if stimulated by some extraordinary curiosity. I determined to follow their footsteps, as I was convinced there must be something to be seen.

We advanced at a very quick pace down a street, called the Grande Rue; the crowd all the time getting denser, so as to render it more difficult to proceed. We might have gone a mile perhaps, when the street suddenly opened into a large square; the square was densely packed with a great mob. The most distracting noise and confusion prevailed, but I saw something there, raised on a platform at the further end of the square, that engaged my whole attention, and made my blood feel as if it were turned into ice. It was a guillotine!

Yes there was the hideous frame worked black, that I had seen once before at the Place du Trone, in Paris.

Although I had before seen an execution, and was well aware of the painful effect it had upon my mind for months afterwards, morbid curiosity impelled me to remain, and see the conclusion of the tragedy. I had not to wait long, a neighboring bell began to toll and a cart made its appearance bearing the criminal. He appeared to take matters very easy, and when I first saw him he was conversing gaily with two gentlemen who accompanied him. He was smoking a cigar and glanced around at the multitude with the most perfect nonchalance. The populace, when they saw him, raised a yell of execration; a palpable sneer was the only reply he deigned to make.

He ascended the steps leading to the scaffold with an easy gait, and turning sharply round to the mob, stood for a minute or two with his arms folded, and foot advanced as if defying them.—He glanced at them a look of unutterable scorn, and muttered between his teeth the word "Canaille," and then resigned himself into the hands of the executioner, and in a few minutes all was over. When the time came for the knife to descend, I had not the courage to look, but turned my head away, and it was only by a shout of the mob that I knew the tragedy was finished.

I inquired of a spectator near me, the name of the criminal and the crime for which he had suffered.

The man started at me with astonishment, saying: "Why, it is Jacques Reynaud!"

The name struck me as being somewhat familiar, and I endeavored to remember where I had heard it before. I suddenly recollected the Paris newspapers some months back had been filled with the history of several awful murders committed in Dieppe, and this man's name was in

some way connected with them, but in what manner I could not learn. But my curiosity was now thoroughly excited, and I immediately made the most minute inquiries into the matter, and before I left Dieppe had learned the following particulars:

In the Rue des Armes about four months previous to the time I wrote, lived a worthy haberdasher of the name of Maurice. His family consisted of himself, his wife, one child, and a servant girl. They were quiet, respectable people, and very much respected by all their neighbors.

M. Maurice did a good business and frequently had a considerable sum of money in his house. He had an extraordinary run of custom one Saturday, and when the labor of the day was over he felt very much fatigued. He shut up his shop and proceeded to a small room, where his wife and servant were laying the cloth for supper.

Wishing some article that was not in the house, the servant was sent to purchase it. Now it so happened that the place where she expected to be able to obtain it, was closed; but not wishing to disappoint her employers, she determined she would go and seek it elsewhere. In pursuance of this object, she entered Grande Rue, but had to walk a considerable distance before she could obtain what she sought. She hurried home again, and noticed when she arrived at the door of her master's house that the chimneys of a neighboring church struck a quarter to twelve. She had, therefore, been absent just half an hour.

She was surprised to find the door shut, but supposing that the wind had blown it to she raised the latch. The door was fastened on the inside. She thought this rather strange, but then again reflected that it was doubtless only a necessary precaution on the part of her master.

She rung the bell, and was very much concerned when after waiting a few minutes, no reply was made. She again rung the bell much more loudly, but to no effect. She became alarmed, and rung long and violently—no answer! Her fears were thoroughly aroused, and she related the circumstances to some persons passing along the street. The presence of two or three gentlemen was soon procured, and they proceeded at once to break in the door.

The passage into which the door opened was perfectly dark; but one of the gentlemen stumbled, and putting out his hand to save himself, it came in contact with something wet on the ground. A light was immediately obtained, and a horrible sight presented itself.

Laying across the passage was the dead body of Monsieur Maurice, with his throat cut from ear to ear. The floor was swimming in blood. In the little room was the dead body of his wife, presenting the same ghastly wound. Even the little child in the cradle had not escaped, for the merciless assassin had taken its life by the same horrible means. The house was ransacked from top to bottom, and every thing of value stolen.

The most strenuous efforts were made to detect the murderer, but without any success. All that could be learned was, that a man had been seen to look intently in the shop windows about the time M. Maurice was counting out his day's receipts. The whole town of Dieppe was horrified, and when night came many a heart trembled.

After a few days the feeling of fear began to decrease, when they were again awakened in a tenfold manner by another shocking murder.

About ten days after the catastrophe in the Rue des Armes, some belated pedestrians were making the best of their way home about two o'clock in the morning. They were walking very rapidly down the Rue Grenard, when they were astonished by seeing a man on the roof of a house, with nothing on but his shirt, crying out with all his strength "murder! murder!"

"murder!" He held a young child in his arms. They immediately called to him, but all they could gather from him was that murder was being committed in the house. They directly made for the door and found it fastened on the inside. They burst the door open with a few vigorous kicks, and penetrated into the house. They rushed up a stair with a man with his throat cut. He was dead. They entered a bed room—there lay half cut of bed was the body of a woman, mutilated in the same horrible manner and stone dead. But they had not yet discovered all the horrors in that house of blood. In the kitchen was discovered the inanimate corpse of the servant girl who had been killed by the same means. The assassin was evidently the same that had committed the murder in the Rue des Armes. The wounds inflicted were exactly of the same character, and it was evident the same instrument had been used.

The young man who was seen on the roof of the house was called Pierre Dulon; he deposited before the Procureur du Roi, the next morning, as follows:

"My name is Pierre Dulon; I am twenty years of age, and a watch-maker by trade. For the last two years I have been living as assistant with the late Monsieur Mouton. He resided in Rue Grenard. His family consisted of himself, wife, child and a servant girl. On the night of the 21st April, 1846, we all retired to bed early. I was accustomed to sleep in one of the attic. In the room next to mine the servant girl and child slept. About half past one o'clock in the morning I awoke. I felt very thirsty and rose to get some water—my pitcher was empty. I went down stairs to fill it. I had nearly reached the first landing, when I saw a man stealthily ascending the stairs. I am a very nervous man, and the recent murder had preyed very much on my mind, and I had been living in continual dread ever since. The sight of this man completely paralyzed me, and I stood looking, and he made no hand or foot. He had nearly reached master's door, when M. Mouton opened the door and came out on the landing. The assassin immediately rushed upon him, and putting his hand over my master's mouth prevented him from calling out. I noticed only one thing, that the murderer had only three fingers on his left hand. I could see no more, but ran up stairs again, and hurried into the servant's room; the child was lying on the bed asleep, but the servant girl was not in the room. I took up the child in my arms and got out on the roof. This is all I know about the matter."

The excitement in Dieppe was now raised to the highest point. No trace of the assassin could be discovered. It was evident that these murders were the work of one man—and that he must have been concealed in the house before it was closed for the night. Government offered a large reward for the discovery of the murderer, and the vigilance of the police was thoroughly aroused.

There lived on the outskirts of Dieppe a widow lady by the name of Beaumaurice. She had no family, but with one servant girl lived in a very retired manner. The cottage in which she resided was situated about half a mile from the city—a little off from the public road.

Madame Beaumaurice had been the wife of an old officer of the Guards. She was an extraordinary woman in every particular; but especially so in respect to a certain coolness of character she possessed, in the midst of danger, which, together with a large amount of moral courage, made her a very notable person.

About ten o'clock on the night of the 30th of April, just ten days after the murders in the Rue Grenard, Madame Beaumaurice went up to her bedroom. She felt very sleepy, and seated herself in a large arm chair previous to undressing herself.

The lamp was placed on a chest of drawers behind her. Opposite her was a toilet table, with a cloth on it reaching to the floor. She had already commenced taking off her clothes, when happening to look around her, she saw something that for a moment chilled her blood. It was the shadow of a man's hand on the floor. The hand had only three fingers!

She divined the truth in a moment—the assassin was there in her house—under that toilet table. She made not the least motion or sign, but reflected two or three minutes as to the best course to be pursued.

She divined what to do, and advancing to the door, called her servant maid.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed she, when the girl entered the room. "Do you know where Monsieur Bernard lives?"

"Yes, Madame."

"I will write you a note which you will deliver to him, and he will give you bank bills to the amount."

She wrote as follows:

"My dear Monsieur Bernard—
The assassin of the Rue des Armes and the Rue Grenard is now in my house. Come immediately with some gentlemen and take him before he escapes."

And without entering into any explanation with her servant, she dispatched her to the errand. She then quietly re-seated herself and waited.

Yes, she sat in the room with that man under the table for a whole hour. She sat there, calm, cool, and collected. She saw the shadow of the hand shift about several times: but the murderer did not attempt to escape from his place of concealment.

In due time the gentlemen arrived and Jacques Reynaud was arrested—not, however, without a violent struggle.

I need scarcely add that the most convincing proof as to his guilt was found, and in due time he was guillotined as I have shown in the former part of this sketch.

DR. LIVINGSTONE
And the Exploration of Africa.

Dr. Livingstone is nearly forty years of age; his face is furrowed, through hardship, and is almost black with exposure to a burning sun. He hesitates in speaking, has a peculiar accent, is at a loss sometimes for a word, and the words of his sentences are occasionally inverted. His language is, however, good, and he has an immense fund of most valuable and interesting information which he communicates most freely. He is in good health and spirits. His left arm, which was broken by a lion, is improperly set, a defect which he endeavors to get corrected while he is in England. He has an affection of the uvula, which will prevent him from speaking much in public for the present. This affection has been brought on by preaching in the open air in Africa. If he now speaks much he loses his voice. In no way, notwithstanding that he submitted to an operation in Africa to enable him to speak in public.

He has scarcely spoken the English language for the last sixteen years. He lived with a tribe of Bechuana, far to the interior, for eight years, guiding them in the path of virtue, knowledge and religion. He, in conjunction with Mr. Oswald, discovered the magnificent Lake Ngami, in the interior of Africa, Zambezia, in Eastern Africa, and explored one of the extensive and arid deserts of the African continent. The interior of that continent he reached the eighth degree of southern latitude, that is twenty-six degrees north of the Cape of Good Hope, far beyond the range of any former traveler. The Lake Ngami is far to the west of the hunting-grounds of Gordon Cumming. Livingstone was in these grounds when the Lion-slayer was there, and they both met often. Livingstone never could make the Africans believe or understand that his countrymen came for sport. They thought he came for meat which he could not get at home.

The doctor has been struck down by African fever upwards of thirty times. He has constantly slept in the open air in the most unwholesome climates, and he has traveled over "sands and shore and desert wilderness," with no earthly defense, he says, save his own right arm, but under the protection of the Almighty. It is impossible to talk with the doctor without discovering that he has a brave heart, and possesses quiet and enduring energy.

Dr. Livingstone explored the country of the true negro race. He saw a multitude of tribes of Africans, and several races, many of whom had never seen a white man until he visited them. They all had a religion, believed in an existence after death, worshipped idols, and performed religious ceremonies in groves and woods. They considered themselves superior to white men, who could not speak their language. Lions were numerous and destructive, because many tribes in Africa believed that the souls of their chiefs emigrated into those animals. These natives clapped their hands together whenever they saw lions, to cheer and honor them. The doctor and Mr. Oswald discovered the Lake Ngami by stratagem. The natives south of the lake always directed travelers to it in a straight line, which was at most times through an arid desert, which could not be traversed. Mosses, Oswald and Livingstone skirted this desert, and thus reached the lake, which was exactly where the natives pointed to it, by a circuitous route. Far north he found a country abounding in game, though at some parts the game had been thinned by the natives, who had been supplied with firearms by the Portuguese.

At the time when Dr. Livingstone was supposed to have been lost, owing to the ship which he obtained his despatches foundering at Madeira, he was then in the interior of the country trying to seek a road to the sea coast. A chief was anxious to open a communication with the coast for the purpose of trading, and the doctor and a large number of the chief's subjects were seeking the means of doing it. The difficulty consisted in finding a route for vehicles, on account of the country. He describes the languages of the Bechuana, amongst whom he lived, as remarkably sweet and expressive. It has none of the clicking sound which distinguishes the Boesjanian language. The whole of the dialects of the African tribes have affinities one with another, a circumstance which assists a traveler who understands one dialect to make himself intelligible in another.

The doctor left the interior of Africa by descending the river Quetzaman, which empties itself in the Mozambique Channel. It was in an attempt to reach him that several of the crew of H. B. M. Ship were drowning. He hopes next year to enter Africa by the east, and proceed to extend his discoveries. Although so long away from the abode of civilized man, he has not lost the manners and polish of a gentleman.

It is singular that the doctor has found the old maps of Africa more accurate than the modern ones. He has found a large portion of that space which is represented by a blank in South African maps to consist of fertile countries, inhabited by populous tribes, and interspersed by large rivers.

It is most important to observe that the farther he traveled into the interior of Africa, the more civilized and numerous he found the inhabitants. They were less ferocious and suspicious, had better and more settled forms of government, and more wants than the tribes which lived nearer the coast. He met with tribes in the interior who practiced inoculation, and knew the medicinal virtues of quinine, although they did not administer it in the concentrated form as prepared in Europe; and moreover they had a tradition of Noah's deluge. They traded in ivory and gold, which were sold by one tribe to another until these articles reached Europeans on the sea coast. The number of large animals of the chase which Dr. Livingstone met with between the 8th and 22nd degrees of South latitude, was perfectly marvellous. They found their subsistence upon extensive plains of coarse herbage, which, together with the abundant water melons, enabled both man and beast to travel in Africa. Many tracts in that country, however, cannot be traversed on account of insects that sting horses and burthen to madness. The doctor describes the fear of African wild beasts to be much greater in England than in Africa.

The chief documents with Dr. Livingstone had prepared relate to his travels and discoveries he unfortunately lost while crossing an African river in which also he nearly lost his life; but he has stores of memoranda of the utmost interest as to the ethnology, natural history, philology, geography, and geology of the African continent.

The Commercial Gazette of Port Louis, Mauritius, contains an outline of a letter delivered by Dr. Livingstone, in which he gave an interesting description of the peculiarities, climates, vegetation, and population of Africa. The lecturer said that the first, or eastern zone, was distinguished by a much more humid climate than either of the others. This was caused by the prevailing winds being easterly. The inhabitants were athletic, tall and brave. The second or middle zone was comparative flat and arid. The inhabitants, called Bechuana, though originally of the same stock as the Caffres, are not so well developed physically, and though as fond of cattle and agriculture as the Caffres, are by no means so brave a people. They are divided into upwards of twenty tribes, and live in towns governed by hereditary chieftains, who maintain their power by a system of espionage and lending cattle.

Allusion was then made by the lecturer to rain doctors, who were chiefly adventurers from other tribes. They resorted to all sorts of devices to gain time, in the hope that clouds might collect and permit them to gain credit by bringing their operations to a close just at the moment when rain commenced. They were then sure of a liberal reward in Africa, where rain was sometimes of so much importance prophetic anticipations respecting it were looked to. The Bechuana were generally frugal and industrious. They were fond of show and glitter. As much as £30 had been given for a superior English rifle. The women were not well treated by the Bechuana or Caffres. They were, however, complete mistresses of the houses and the produce of the garden. A man did not dare to enter his wife's hut in her absence.

The middle zone was nearly flat and very sandy, but it was not a desert, like portions of the north of Africa. There was abundant vegetation, but water was very scarce. The inhabitants, called "Bakalahari," and bushmen, managed to subsist with a very small supply of the precious fluid, for there are many tuberous roots which contain, in their cellular tissues, supplies of pure cold water. In the plains were immense numbers of ostriches and herds of large antelopes. The animals which cannot live without water were the elephant and rhinoceros, the giraffe, pallah, buffalo, lions, and hyenas. When these animals are met, there is almost a certainty of water being found in the country.

Immediately beyond the bushmen and Bakalahari there is a curious race of people called Bakoba, or Baejia. They lived on the river Zanga and other rivers, and were the Quakers of the body politic in Africa. They never fight, but submit quietly to every tribe which conquers the country adjacent to the rivers on which they always reside. They say they never fight because their forefathers tried to do so once with bows made of palm Christi, and as they broke they gave up the practice entirely. The spirit of trade is strong in the African.

There seems to be a scarcity of diseases in Africa—no consumption or scrofula, hydrophobia, cancer, cholera, smallpox, or measles. In every village there were crowds of children. This explains why, notwithstanding all their wars and kidnapping, they continue to dwell in the presence of all their brethren. It seems as if they were preserved (said the lecturer) by Divine Providence for purposes of mercy, as distinctly as God's ancient people, the Jews. [English Paper.]

A DAWNING GENIUS. A Vermont genius, by name Ned, 19 years of age, and with but slender opportunities for cultivating a remarkable artistic talent, has been astonishing the natives about the fork in the road near the Asylum, Brattleboro', Vt. During the night before Christmas, by the light of a lantern, young Ned constructed blocks of frozen snow, on which water had been poured, a statue of beauty, which alone could form or conceive. The figure is said to represent a beautifully sculptured piece of the Goddess of Fame, rather larger than life size. The design indicates decided genius.—Fame has just recorded the past year's history.—Her right hand, still grasping the pen, has fallen carelessly to her side, while her left hand, holding the tablet, rests upon her knee; her attention for the moment being engrossed with passing and changing objects yet to be recorded. Close scrutiny is necessary to detect the fact that the whole figure is made of snow and ice, while the tablet and pen are but pieces of an old cigar box. This curiosity is reported to have attracted a number of visitors.

LADY FRANKLIN. Lady Franklin, accompanied by several friends, paid a visit to the Resolute, in Portsmouth harbor, on the 27th of December. They were received on the quarter deck by Capt. Harstien, the officers, and crew, attended by the United States Vice-Consul at Portsmouth.

Sabbath Reading.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.
Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace; A word to the wife, and
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Look up in mine this eve;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good night"—
Three little forms from Heaven!

Ah, 'tis well that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our pure Savior bade them
Bring "little ones" to him!

'Said he not, "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
And held them in his breast?
Is't not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis there they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my home!
Three hearts enfolded in mine!
How 'twould be shattered, if the Lord should say,
'These angels are not thine!"

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.
There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and disappointments that render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business and to desire to change it for some other, and what seems to him will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look round you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion.

Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic; but from some cause imagined that he ought to have been a doctor, and, after a half and shallow preparation, has taken up the saddle-bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work-bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men, clerks; one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk till he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the other can't wait, but starts off without capital, and with a limited experience, and brings up after a few years in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverance, comes out at last with a fortune.

That young lawyer who became disheartened because briefs and cases did not crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, who concluded that he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics,—finally settled down into the character of a middling pettifogger, scrambling for his daily bread.

There is an honest farmer who has tilled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as for any thing, though he is not aware of it—he hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes are made there, and he begins to pick them up; he mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and, after many months of hard toil, comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability, and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.

Young man stick to your business. It may find you have mistaken your calling; if so, find it out as quick as possible and change it; but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling, lead you to abandon it. Have some honest occupation, and then stick to it; if you are sticking tight, stick away at it; if you are at a loss, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industriously and hopefully, and there is anything of you, it will appear and turn to account in that as well or better than in any other calling; only if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as speedily as possible: for the longer you stick to it the worse it will "stick" to you.

RANDOM GEMS.
No cross no crown.
Much religion, but no goodness.
Never wide in unknown waters.
Never wish a thing done, but do it.
Never accuse others to excuse thyself.
Never believe rashly, nor reject obstinately.
Nobody can stand in awe of himself too much.
Never think of raising your reputation by deprecation.

Men may blush to hear what they were not ashamed to do.
Men take less care of their conscience than their reputation.
Never do that in prosperity whereof you may repent in adversity.
Moderation is commonly firm, and firmness is commonly successful.
Most men employ their first years so as to make their last miserable.

Never look out for troubles, nor be entirely unprovided for them.
More credit can be thrown down in a moment than can be built in an age.
Next to my friends, I love my enemies, for from them I first hear my faults.

The past is the grave, the present the coffin, and the future the cradle of liberty.
While we view our own faults with the naked eye, we see the faults of others as if through a powerful microscope lens.
Truth is far more intensely interesting than fiction, when the heart and affections are enlisted in the subject.

There are two stars which rise and set with man, and whose rays encircle him, viz.—Hope and Remembrance.
The soul needs a certain amount of intellectual enjoyment, to give it strength adequate for the daily struggle in which it is involved.

The prosperity of man lies in this one word—Education. Convey humanity to this fountain of happiness, and you bestow everything; all means of power and greatness.
A character which combines the love of enjoyment with the love of duty, and the ability to perform it, is the one whose unfoldings give the greatest promise of perfection.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants.
Once, rich dresses, luxury, extravagant fashions, elegant furniture and costly buildings were considered sinful signs of pride. Now, on the contrary, all these things are deemed necessary accompaniments of virtue, honor and respectability.

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Sabbath Reading.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.
Three pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Held me in soft embrace; A word to the wife, and
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three tiny pairs of eyes, so clear, so deep,
Look up in mine this eve;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good night"—
Three little forms from Heaven!

Ah, 'tis well that "little ones" should love us;
It lights our faith when dim,
To know that once our pure Savior bade them
Bring "little ones" to him!

'Said he not, "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
And held them in his breast?
Is't not sweet to know that when they leave us,
'Tis there they go to rest?

And yet, ye tiny angels of my home!
Three hearts enfolded in mine!
How 'twould be shattered, if the Lord should say,
'These angels are not thine!"

STICK TO YOUR BUSINESS.
There is nothing which should be more frequently impressed upon the minds of young men than the importance of steadily pursuing some one business. The frequent changing from one employment to another is one of the most common errors committed, and to it may be traced more than half the failures of men in business, and disappointments that render life uncomfortable. It is a very common thing for a man to be dissatisfied with his business and to desire to change it for some other, and what seems to him will prove a more lucrative employment; but in nine cases out of ten it is a mistake. Look round you, and you will find among your acquaintances abundant verification of our assertion.

Here is a young man who commenced life as a mechanic; but from some cause imagined that he ought to have been a doctor, and, after a half and shallow preparation, has taken up the saddle-bags only to find that work is still work, and that his patients are no more profitable than his work-bench, and the occupation not a whit more agreeable.

Here are two young men, clerks; one of them is content, when his first term of service is over, to continue a clerk till he shall have saved enough to commence business on his own account; the other can't wait, but starts off without capital, and with a limited experience, and brings up after a few years in a court of insolvency, while his former comrade, by patient perseverance, comes out at last with a fortune.

That young lawyer who became disheartened because briefs and cases did not crowd upon him while he was yet redolent of calf-bound volumes, and had small use for red tape, who concluded that he had mistaken his calling, and so plunged into politics,—finally settled down into the character of a middling pettifogger, scrambling for his daily bread.

There is an honest farmer who has tilled a few years, got his farm paid for, but does not grow rich very rapidly, as much for lack of contentment mingled with his industry as for any thing, though he is not aware of it—he hears the wonderful stories of California, and how fortunes are made there, and he begins to pick them up; he mortgages his farm to raise money, goes away to the land of gold, and, after many months of hard toil, comes home to commence again at the bottom of the hill for a more weary and less successful climbing up again.

Mark the men in every community who are notorious for ability, and equally notorious for never getting ahead, and you will usually find them to be those who never stick to any one business long, but are always forsaking their occupation just when it begins to be profitable.

Young man stick to your business. It may find you have mistaken your calling; if so, find it out as quick as possible and change it; but don't let any uneasy desire to get along fast, or a dislike of your honest calling, lead you to abandon it. Have some honest occupation, and then stick to it; if you are sticking tight, stick away at it; if you are at a loss, hold fast to that profession; pursue the business you have chosen, persistently, industriously and hopefully, and there is anything of you, it will appear and turn to account in that as well or better than in any other calling; only if you are a loafer, forsake that line of life as speedily as possible: for the longer you stick to it the worse it will "stick" to you.

RANDOM GEMS.
No cross no crown.
Much religion, but no goodness.
Never wide in unknown waters.
Never wish a thing done, but do it.
Never accuse others to excuse thyself.
Never believe rashly, nor reject obstinately.
Nobody can stand in awe of himself too much.